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ON THE PROPOSAL TO ERECT A STATUE TO SHAKESPEARE IN LONDON

WHY should we lodge in marble or in bronze
Spirits more vast than earth, or sea, or sky?
Wiser the silent worshipper who cons
Their page for Wisdom that will never die.
Unto the favourites of the passing hour
Erect the statue and unveil the bust,
Whereon contemptuous Time will slowly shower
Oblivion's refuse and neglectful dust.
The Monarchs of the Mind, self-sceptered Kings,
Need no memento to transmit their name:
Throned on their thoughts and high imaginings,
They are the Lords, not servitors, of Fame.
Raise pedestals to perishable stuff;
Gods for themselves are monument enough.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

From the *National Review.*

BACON'S NEW METHOD

WRITING to King James in October, 1620, about the *Novum Organum* then being published, Bacon stated that the work "in *what colours soever it may be set forth* is no more but a new logic *teaching to invent* and *judge by induction*."

At a later date, possibly 1625, writing to Father Fulgentio, he stated, "After these (works) shall follow the *Organum Novum, to which a second part is to be added which I have already comprised and measured in the idea of it.*" This letter should be read. *

Mr. Ellis, who joined with Mr. Spedding in editing Bacon's works, remarks anent the *Novum Organum*, "However this may be it is certain that an attempt to determine what his method taken as a whole was, or would have been, must necessarily involve a conjectural or hypothetical element." Again, "It becomes impossible to justify or to understand Bacon's assertion that his method was absolutely new. . . . It need not be remarked that induction in itself was no novelty at all. The nature of the art of induction is as clearly stated by Aristotle as by any other writer. Bacon's design was surely much larger than it would thus appear to have been."

The *Novum Organum* was, therefore, to be in two parts, and in what colours soever it might be set forth it was (1) to teach men to invent, and (2) judge by induction. Let us see whether Bacon anywhere shews how men are to be taught to invent (to originate).

In *The Wisdom of the Ancients* Bacon explains his favourite fable of Orpheus as representing the image of Philosophy, "which busies herself about human objects,

* Spedding has, "I have already compassed and planned it out in my mind." The Latin is: "*Quam tamen animo jam complexus et metitus sum.*"

and by persuasion and eloquence insinuating the love of virtue, equity, and concord in the minds of man draws multitudes of people to a society, makes them subject to laws, obedient to government, and forgetful of their unbridled affections, whilst they give ear to precepts, and submit themselves to discipline."

Philosophy, therefore, according to Bacon operates by *persuasion* and *insinuation.* In the *Advancement of Learning* (printed 1605) we are told: "*Men generally taste well knowledges drenched in flesh and blood,* civil history, morality, policy, about which men's affections, praises, fortunes do turn, and are conversant. . . . Again, if the affections in themselves were pliant and obedient to reason it were true there should be no great use of *persuasion* and *insinuation* to the will. . . . Another precept is that the mind is brought to anything better, and with more sweetness and happiness, if that whereunto you pretend be not first in the intention . . . impressions may be strongly made when the mind is influenced by passion."

But it is in *Filum Labyrinthi,* a tract addressed in the MS. *ad filios* (in which he gave to his assistants the thread by which the labyrinth might be successfully entered and quitted), that we have the nearest approach to a full revelation of his methods. This tract was found among Bacon's MSS. at his death. To quote from it: "For this object he (Bacon) is preparing a work on nature which may destroy errors *with the least harshness,* and *enter the senses of mankind without violence;* which *would be easier from his not bearing himself as a leader,* but *bringing and scattering light from nature herself* so that there may be no future need for a leader. . . . We ought to consider that the *importunity of teaching doth* ever by right *belong to the impertinences* of things. . . . But now which (thou wilt say) is that legitimate mode? . . . Dismiss all art and circumstances,

exhibit the matter naked to us, that we may be enabled to use our judgment. And would that you were in a condition, dearest son, to admit of this being done. Thinkest thou that when all the accesses and motions of all minds are besieged and obstructed by the obscurest idols, deeply rooted and branded in, the smooth and polished areas present themselves in the true and native rays of things? *A new method must be entered upon by which we glide into minds the most obstructed.* . . . In this universal insanity we must use moderation. . . . It has a certain inherent and innate power of conciliating belief, and repelling the injuries of time so that *knowledge thus delivered* like a plant full of life's freshness may spread daily and grow to maturity . . . that it will set apart for itself, and as it were, adopt a legitimate reader. And *whether I shall have accomplished all this or not I appeal to future time.*"

Further on is written :—

"Wherefore, duly meditating and contemplating the state both of nature and mind, we find the avenues to men's understandings harder of access than to things themselves, and the *labour of communicating* not much lighter than of excogitating; and therefore, *which is almost a new feature in the intellectual world,* we obey the humour of the time, and *play the nurse both with our own thoughts and those of others.* For every hollow idol is dethroned by skill, insinuation, and regular approaches. . . . Wherefore we return to this assertion, that the labour commenced by us (doubtless Bacon and his literary and playwriting staff) in paving the way, so far from being superfluous, is truly too little for difficulties so considerable."

Why was it only *almost* a new feature in the intellectual world? The *Filum Labyrinthi* answers this :—

"He thought also that knowledge is uttered to men in a form as if everything were finished . . . whereas antiquity used to deliver the knowledge which the mind of man hath gathered in *observations, aphorisms, or short and dispersed sentences, or small tractates of some parts that they had diligently meditated and laboured*, which did invite men both to ponder that which was invented, and to add and to supply further."

Probably enough has now been quoted to indicate that the "almost new" feature, or method, which Bacon elaborated was not so much the inductive system of reasoning (although that was a prominent part) *as the insinuation of knowledges*, a method once in use with the ancients in which the real is masked by the seeming object.

Over what period of years Bacon practised his great plan of playing the nurse both with his own thoughts and those of others is hardly the subject of this article. But the sowing of the seed was evidently a most extensive business, as Mr. Harold Bayley's recent researches, shortly to be published, should make apparent.

The plays and other light literature in which the good things of knowledge were scattered with a lavish hand were, to my mind, the works of the Alphabet (*i.e.*, the A B C of his system of education) to which Bacon alludes in his letters to Toby Mathew.

I agree with Mr. Fearon that the passage in a later letter to Mathew was a mere concealed way of telling Mathew that he, Bacon, was "putting the Alphabet in a frame," viz., preparing a selection of the well-stuffed and garnished plays for Folio production as the second part of his *Novum Organum*.

If this view is right, it follows that *it was absolutely part of the system that his authorship should be concealed.*

Disclosure could not be made until many, many years after Bacon's death, so as to give the method long and patient trial.

"To speak the truth of myself," said Bacon, "I have often wittingly and willingly neglected the glory of my own name and learning (if any such thing be), both in the works I now publish and in those I contrive for hereafter, whilst I study to advance the good and profit of mankind" (Book 7, Chap. I., *Advancement of Learning*).

Directly men were aware that the main purpose of the published plays was not so much to entertain them as to put them to school, the New Method was certain to become a failure. Long and patient trial of the system could alone attain success. To disclose the author was to reveal the schoolmaster, whose work would then be resented and ignored as an impertinence by those for whom it was most fit.

Few will deny the "salting" to be found in the Folio Shakespeare.

The Hon. Judge Stotsenburg, in his recent clever book, asks:—

"Was there in England a concealed poet who wrote or revised the plays in part or all, or who inserted in all or part of them the magnificent and sparkling gems culled and gathered from art, from nature, from history, from philosophy, from science, and from ancient lore, which have always captivated and enchanted the reading world?" *

The late Mr. G. C. Bompas wrote:—

"In all subjects treated of by Bacon, the human body, sound and light, heat and cold, germination and petrification, the history of winds, astronomy, meteorology and witchcraft, the plays and prose works closely

* "An Impartial Study of the Shakespeare title."

correspond, and both exhibit a learning up to the time of the age." *

It is hardly necessary to show how fully this "scattering of light" has been accomplished. Books have been written on the various "knowledges" contained in the Folio alone. For observations as to the Law of the plays go to Lord Campbell, for Biblical references to Wadsworth, Surgery and Medicine to Bucknill, Geology to Fullom, Natural History and Entomology to Patterson, Emblems to Green, Sports to Madden, Delineations of the Passions to Donnelly, Bradley, and others, Folk-lore, Proverbs, Natural Phenomena, Customs and many other interesting things to Dyer. We know the use made in it of Holinshed's Histories, of Plutarch, Pliny, Du Bartas, Montaigne, and classical authors generally. After nearly three hundred years we can report that Bacon's New Method has prospered and borne fruit. The brimstone has been so cleverly mixed with the treacle that the compound has been gulped down with universal satisfaction. Moreover, Bacon always enjoyed a jest, and would have laughed consumedly to know that some of the most ardent and accomplished partakers of his brimstone and treacle, to wit, the faculty of *ad literam* critics, *have swallowed the label as well!*

Bacon has met the reward of the misunderstood. Though "in a despised weed" he sought "the good of all men" he, to-day, possesses only the suffrages of a few. His "New Method" has been a world-wide benefit, but not a personal success.

PARKER WOODWARD.

* "Problem of the Shakespeare Plays."

THE BI-LITERAL CIPHER

A Reply to the Report of Mr. Bompas

I AM grateful for the opportunity to reply to the article of the late Mr. Bompas in the July number of Baconiana.

I am also grateful to Mr. Cuningham for his prefatory remarks and footnotes, and I wish to say that his regret is my own as well, that Mr. Bompas did not discuss the paper with members of the Society better advised than was he, and that the MS. of the article had not been submitted to me while Mr. Bompas was still with us, or at least before publication, for some, if not all, the erroneous conclusions drawn could have been dissipated before they took form. The explanations would have given that gentleman and his readers a more comprehensive view, a different view point, and greater light upon the subject.

It is rare that an article appearing in public print carries upon analysis its own evidences of error, and in the next preceding pages finds so complete a refutation as does this in the article of Mrs. Kindersley.

In his opening statement Mr. Bompas says: "The copies of *Henry VII.* which have been examined do not exactly correspond. . . . The form of many of the capitals also differs in the different copies. . . . Mr. Cuningham's copy differs widely from the others. . . . Either each copy contains a different cipher story, which is absurd, or the decipherer happened by chance to light on the only correct copy, which is equally absurd." Then Mr. Bompas proceeds to build an argument upon the fact that the copy of my MS., furnished to the Society, did not correspond with some copy of *Henry VII.* with which he compared it, concluding, therefore, that the cipher system must be a myth, and Mrs. Gallup a visionary or a fraud.

Any comparison to establish the correctness of my work must be made either with the copy I used or one identical with it. That Mr. Bompas used some copy *not* identical, but one printed differently, is substantiated by Mrs. Kindersley, whose three months' work on an identical copy—as against one week Mr. Bompas spent on a different printing—resulted in her verification of nearly all the letters studied. It is still more forcibly proved by the table of headings Mr. Bompas prints, the Italics in which do not all correspond in the different forms with the book I used. It therefore follows that the entire argument, from pages 169 to and including part of 176, so far as relates to *Henry VII.*, is founded upon a false premise and falls to the ground.

Mr. Bompas says, "Either each copy contains a different cipher, which is absurd," &c.

On the contrary, that is just what occurs in unlike copies. Those widely differing belong to different editions, although published in the same year, as I have found to be true, and stated in my article in BACONIANA published in 1901. Two issues of the *Treatise of Melancholy* appeared in 1586 with differing Italic printing. I have deciphered both. One ends with an incomplete cipher word, which is completed in the other where the narrative is continued, and the book ends with the signature of Bacon on the last page. I have also found that in two editions of Bacon's acknowledged works one had the cipher and one had not. The peculiar Italicizing and the same forms of letters were in both. In one the arrangement of the letters followed the cipher system, in the other no amount of study could make them "read." Bacon refers in the cipher to some false and surreptitious copies issued without his authority.

The differences in print of *Henry VII.* first came to light, apparently, through the comparisons made with

my MS. in London, and the report of it was a great surprise to me. Mrs. Kindersley was kind enough to send me one of her copies, and, as before stated, this was found to be identical with the one I used except that three or four typographical errors in her copy were corrected in mine, and one in mine did not occur in hers, but in no case was a verbal change made and only one orthographical.

About the same time it chanced that a copy of the work—a recent importation from London—was sent me from Chicago for examination. This I found quite different in the use of Italics. I did not decipher the work, but became convinced that it either contained another cipher story, or was one of the "false and surreptitious copies" before referred to.

In addition to the criticism of *Henry VII.*, Mr. Bompas refers to some typographical errors making slight differences in our own editions of the Bi-Literal Cipher, and to the examples in the editions of *De Augmentis* of 1623 and 1624.

I have to admit there are some printer's errors in my book that escaped the closest proof reading, much to my regret. The proof reading was extremely difficult because of the care required to keep the unusual spelling and occasional abbreviations. Some errors were corrected in the third edition. Mr. Bompas found two or three—probably not all. I have had no opportunity to note the errata in a later publication. I can, however, make the broad assertion that in no single instance has any of these slight technical errors changed the meaning of a phrase, or made it obscure, or been of sufficient importance to affect in the least the overwhelming evidences of the existence of the system of cipher and the correctness of its deciphering.

Manifest errors occurred in the text of the old books, which were corrected in the deciphering, but they were

so few and so evident as to prove rather than to disprove the system. They occur mostly in long groups, as in the example of the cipher in *De Augmentis*, occasionally a short group of four letters, once in a while a wrong font letter, but the meaning of the context was always sufficiently clear in itself to correct the error. I cannot better illustrate this than by quoting from my "Replies to Criticisms," issued in pamphlet form, but which has not appeared in public print. The explanation covers explicitly a number of points raised by Mr. Bompas, and being an analysis of Bacon's own illustration of the cipher in the 1624 *De Augmentis*, has the weight of the author's own methods of correction, and the suggestion, at least, that the errors were purposely made to educate the decipherer as to what would be encountered in the books; also the manner of overcoming the difficulties as they should arise.

"In the 1624 edition the second *i* in *officio* is changed by the law of tied letters; the second *u* in *nunquam* has position or angle of inclination, to make it an '*a* fount' letter; *q* in *conquiesti* is from the wrong fount, and the *u* has features of both founts but is clear in one distinctive difference—the width at the top; the *q* in *quia* is reversed by a mark; the *a*'s in the first *causa* are formed like '*b* fount' letters but are taller; the *q* of *quos* is from the wrong fount; the second *a* in *aderas* is reversed, being a tied letter; *l* in *velint* is from the wrong fount, also the *p* of *parati*, the *l* of *calumniam* and the *l* of *religione*.

"In line twelve '*pauci sunt*' in 1623 ed. is '*parati sunt*' in the 1624 ed. The correct grouping is *ntqui velin tquip ratis untom nesad*, the first *a* in '*parati*' must be omitted to read *diutius* according to the Spartan dispatch. Otherwise the groups would be *arati sunto mnesa*. The *m* and *n* are both 'b fount,' thus bringing

two *b*'s at the beginning of this last group, indicating at once a mistake, for no letter in the bi-literal alphabet begins with two *b*'s, and wherever encountered may be known to indicate either a wrong fount letter or a wrong grouping. It is one of the guards against error. To continue the groups after the one last given several would be found to commence with *bb*, and the resulting letters would not 'read.'

"Here, too, is an example of diphthongs, digraphs, and double letters, which are troublesome to 'A Correspondent.' The diphthong æ of 'cæteris,' the digraph *ct* in *perfectare*, and the double *ff*'s and *pp*'s are shown as separate letters and must be treated as such in deciphering Italics.

"A very important feature, that most seem to forget, is that ciphers are made to hide things, not to make them plain or easy to decipher. They are constructed to be misleading, mysterious, and purposely made difficult except to those possessing the key. Seekers after knowledge through them must not abandon the hunt upon encountering the first difficulty, improbability, inaccuracy, or stumbling block set for their confusion."

The article says: "The plain inference is that the cipher and cipher story are imaginary."

Well, this is at least complimentary, but I doubt whether Mr. Bompas stopped to think what that statement would mean with all that it implies. I do not think he would, on reflection, give me credit for a genius so broad, for it would be equal to the production of the plays themselves.

Were I the possessor of an imagination so boundless, I would certainly not have spent it upon a production foredoomed to be unpopular, or have subjected myself to the strain upon nerves and eyesight of six years' hard study of old books and their typographical peculiarities

for a Baconian cloak to hide the brilliancy of that imagination. Yet if the material for the three hundred and ninety pages of my book were not found in cipher in the old originals, then it must be the conception of my own brain. First, the plot of each story worked out; the account of Bacon's discovery of his parentage; the variations from historic records; the death of Amy Robsart; the tragedy of Essex, and that of Mary, Queen of Scots, and other scraps of added history; the love of Bacon for Margaret, and all the rest. All this thought out, in diction, much of it, of the highest order, in the old English spelling and phraseology of the 16th century and fitted with such nice exactness to the Italic letters of the old books, "separated into groups of five"—letters that even the sceptics admit the capitals at least agree with the alleged system—the study of months in the British Museum; the explanations and demonstrations to numberless people—all to hide a genius so magnificent! In the language of Mr. Bompas, "Absurd!" And yet, I repeat, if not cipher it must be my own production.

It is useless to discuss the probability of Bacon's committing State secrets to such a cipher. It is not a time to ask the question, "Is it likely?" *The cipher is there,* and it only remains to master its intricacies and search out what it has to reveal.

Elizabeth Wells Gallup.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF *THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY*

AS some doubts have lately been cast on the right of Robert Burton to be regarded as the author of this remarkable book, it seems worth while, in considering the question, to apply the method advocated by Bacon when Queen Elizabeth was so anxious to discover the author of that treasonable pamphlet of Hayward. The Queen had some thoughts of subjecting the object of her suspicions to the rack, but Bacon argued that a man's style of writing was sufficient to disclose his identity, and Democritus, junior, held precisely the same opinion, as, in his address to the reader, he says: "It is most true, '*stylus virum arguit*,' our style bewraies us, and as hunters find their game by the trace, so is a man's genius described by his workes" (p. 9). The edition of *The Anatomy* used by me in this paper is the fourth, dated 1632, supplemented by Shilleto's reprint of the sixth, dated 1651.

The first question which obtrudes itself on anyone entering on a critical examination of *The Anatomy* is, why the five editions of the work published in Burton's lifetime, together with the sixth edition, revised by the author and published after Burton's death, should all of them bear the name of Democritus, junior, on the title-page? As for the ridiculous story of Burton, the Oxford bookworm, amusing himself with laughing at the "bargees" on the river, in imitation of the behaviour of Democritus at the haven of Abdera (A. H. Bullen's introduction to Shilleto's edition, p. 12), we may treat the statement for what it is worth. Of Burton's personal life we scarcely know more than we do of Shaksper's, and we are constrained to eke

out our scanty knowledge of the man by collecting and recording the scrappy myths which have come down to us, but which are of themselves of no authority, and similarly (as is the case of "Shakespeare") we sedulously and lovingly portray the man Burton from his works, or those vulgarly accepted as such.

Now, there are two reasons for the current belief in Burton's authorship of *The Anatomy* which have satisfied generations of critics and editors, neither of which is, to say the least of it, above grave suspicion! There is first the fact that, although in the opening pages of the book the author tenaciously maintains his right to assume the title of Democritus, junior, "*or whom thou wilt to be the author*; I would not willingly be knowne" (p. 1), yet on p. 6 he introduces the significant words, "*Experto crede* ROBERTO," and further on, at p. 16 of his address to the reader, the name of his "elder brother," William, author of "A Description of Lecestershire," and later on in the body of the work mentions his father's seat at Lindley (p. 399), his mother's name, Dorothy Burton (p. 400), his brother Ralph (p. 570), and his brother George (p. 705). What consistency is there in this, in the case of a man who from the first ostentatiously sets out with the declared intention of concealing his identity under a feigned name? If this declared intention is honest, the writer must be either a fool himself, or believe that none but fools will ever become his readers. Either supposition is equally absurd. The whole thing is so incongruous, not to say mysterious, that I confidently reject the idea that the slightest reliance can be placed on what Democritus, junior, directly or indirectly, says of himself, either when he ostentatiously conceals his personal identity, or when, here and there he seems inadvertently (as it were) to forget to do so.

The first five editions were published in Burton's

lifetime, and are all set up separately, the first in 8vo, the rest in folio, and the various editions are paged as follows :—

1621. Address to Reader 72, Part I. 277, Part II. 211, Part III. 295. Total, 855 pages.
1624. Address to Reader 64, Part I. 188, Part II. 144, Part III. 225. Total, 621 pages.
1628. Address to Reader 77, Part I. 208, Part II. 166, Part III. 272. Total, 723 pages.
1632. Address to Reader 78, Part I. 218, Part II. 189, Part III. 315. Total, 800 pages.
1638. Address to Reader 78, Part I. 218, Part II. 184, Part III. 321. Total, 801 pages.

Now, there is no valid reason why, when in each edition the pages and types were all set up anew, that the *nom de plume* of Democritus, junior, should not have been dropped after the first edition, had any real intention existed of the author assuming his real name as indicated on certain fly-leaves appended to the first edition; but no change in this respect was made in any of the editions published in his lifetime. As an additional proof how the types were re-set from time to time, take the remarkable sentence which leads up to the name of Burton. In the first edition this stands "*Experto crede Roberto.*" In the next three editions it stands "Experto crede ROBERTO." In the fifth it stands "*Experto crede* ROBERTO"; while in the sixth edition it reverts to the italics of the first, "*Experto crede Roberto.*"

I regard, therefore, the seeming slips of the pen in mentioning the author's relatives, while writing under a feigned name, as an extremely clever ruse on the writer's part to strengthen his real *incognito* and divert suspicion, by setting curious readers on a very palpable but entirely wrong scent. So much for the first reason, which has indissolubly linked Burton's name with *The Anatomy*.

The second reason is no less obscure and unsatisfactory than the first. On the title-page of the first edition, in the Bodleian Library, is a pencil note after the name of Democritus, junior, as follows: "Rob. Burton, see page 790." But, disregarding the separately-paged address to the reader, there are only 783 numbered pages, on the last of which occurs the word "Finis" (that celebrated author of all books), and on the blank overleaf—which *would* have formed page 784—is printed a passage from Augustine. This concludes the book; but, bound up after it, comes six unnumbered pages, containing an "Epilogue," so termed on its first and last pages, but incorrectly described by A. H. Bullen as an "Apollogetical Index,"* which it certainly is not, (Shilletto's edition, Introduction X.), followed by a page of *Errata*. This "Epilogue" is entitled—

"The Conclusion of the Author to the Reader," is signed Robert Burton, and commences thus—

"The last section shall be mine, to cut the strings of *Democritus*' visor, to unmaske and show him as he is," and is, in support of the fiction of its emanating from Burton, dated "From my studie in Christ Church, Oxford, December 5th, 1620." O, clever Democritus! But these six unnumbered pages are of no authority, and give no clue to when or by whom they were interpolated at the end of the book. There existed no difficulty in numbering them consecutively with the preceding pages, and they re-appear, moreover, in no subsequent edition; nor does the ostensible object they were written to effect—to "unmaske" Democritus "and show him as he is"—appear to be carried out, or attempted to be carried out, as we might have inferred would have been the case. The mysterious epilogue,

* Perhaps a slip of the pen for "Appendix."

therefore, bound up at the end of the first Oxford edition, appears to me to possess no validity in determining the real author. But if these two reasons for concluding Burton to be the author are unsatisfactory, where shall we look for others, unless in the style of the book itself? As soon as we undertake an analysis of this sort, Burton's claims disappear like a mirage.

In his Address to the Reader, Democritus makes the following statement: "If that severe doome of *Synesius* be true, *It is a greater offence to steal men's labours than their clothes*, what shall become of most writers? I hold up my hand at the Barre amongst others, and am guiltie of Fellonie in this kind, *habes confitentem reum*, I am content to be pressed with the rest."—Democritus to the Reader, p. 6.

But this sort of "Fellonie," consisting in appropriating the labours of others without acknowledgment, is just the one offence of which Democritus, junior, cannot be accused. No writer ever made more copious use of his predecessors' labours than he, or was more scrupulous to give the reference to the original writers from whom he borrowed. It is with perfect truth that he says in another place—

"Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant.

"I have laboriously collected this *Cento* of diverse Writers, and that *sine injuriâ*, I have wronged no Authors, but given every man his owne, which *Hierom* so much commends in Nepotián, he stole not whole verses, pages, tracts, as some do now adaies, concealing their Authors' names, but still said this was *Cyprians*, that *Lactantius*, that *Hilarius*, so said *Minutius Felix*, so *Victorinus*, thus far *Arnobius:* I cite and quote mine Authors" (page 8). What becomes then of this "Fellonie" of which, on page 6, Democritus stands falsely self-accused, and of which, on page 8, he truthfully ex-

culpates himself? To me, bearing much collateral evidence in mind, the explanation of this flagrant contradiction is that the accusation partakes of the nature of a "palinode" and confession of the sins, in this particular, of Bacon, who, in his posthumously published work, *Sylva Sylvarum*, was a notorious offender. It was Burton's *alter ego*, Bacon, who was vicariously doing penance, and confessing his guilt under the mask of Democritus, junior! For example, it was Bacon who was constantly making use of such phrases, "It is reported," "It is delivered by some," "It has been set down by one of the ancients," thereby defrauding the original authors of their due recognition, or, as Synesius phrases it, "stealing their clothes."

At page 60 of the Address to the Reader, Democritus, junior, writes: "I will yet to satisfie and please myselfe, make an *Utopia* of mine owne, a new *Atlantis*, a poetical commonwealth of mine owne, in which I will freely domineere, build citties, make lawes, statutes, as I list myselfe." Now this was written before the *New Atlantis* of Bacon was published, though this is not conclusive that a man like Burton might not have seen a work of Bacon in MSS. Then I regard it as a master stroke in support of the idea of Burton being the author of *The Anatomy*, the introduction parenthetically of thanks to the noble patrons of Burton, "The Lord Berkley," and "The Right Honourable Lady Francis Countesse Dowager of Exeter"; and I hold it as a fact that the biographical sketch he gives of himself on the same page is far truer of the great Chancellor than of the Oxford recluse!

"I was once so mad as to bussell abroad and seeke about for preferment, tyre myselfe and trouble all my friends, sed nihil labor tantus profecit, nam dum alios amicorum mors avocat, aliis ignotus sum, his invisus, alii large promittunt, intercedunt illi mecum solliciti, hi

vanâ ope lactant, dum alios ambio, hos capto, illis innoresco, aetas perit, anni defluunt, amici fatigantur, ego deferor, et jam mundi taesus, humanaeque satur infidelitatis acquiesco" (page 354).

Then, again, consider the terms of the monumental inscription placed on Burton's tomb. Translated into English it runs thus:—

"Here lies Democritus junior, a man known to few, unknown to fewer."

Now the paradoxical expression of "known to few, unknown to fewer," if true of any man, was undoubtedly truer of the great Chancellor than of the learned book-worm and recluse of Christ Church.

We have yet to learn the circumstances attending the erection of this monument, as well as the relations subsisting between Burton and Bacon. If both were brethren of the Rosy-cross, some difficulties would be removed, and while there is sufficient proof that the relations between Bacon and Shaksper were of a business character, the relations between Bacon and Burton were, we may infer, literary and philosophic, and suggestive, perhaps, of something analogous to the dual authorship of the present day. Burton's opinion of the Rosy-cross was clearly a high one (Address to the Reader, page 59).

I will now notice a few coincidences of thought which the pages of Democritus, junior, display with passages in Bacon and Shakespeare.

1. The opening sentences of Democritus, junior, "Primum si noluero, non respondebo, quis coarcturus est? I am a free man borne and may chuse whether I will tell, who can compel me?" (Address to Reader, page 1) strongly recall Falstaff's declaration that he will not answer on compulsion, the idea being derived from Seneca's *Apotheosis Divi Claudii.*

2. The saying of "*Atticus, suam quisque Sponsam, mihi meam,* let every man enjoy his spouse" (page 40), is clearly suggestive of the words of Marcus: "Suum cuique is our Roman justice. This Prince in justice seizeth but his own" (*Titus Andronicus* I. ii. 217).

3. The antipathy between the Vine and the Cabbage, (page 46) is also dwelt on in Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum,* (p. 480).

4. "As Silius was served by Tiberius" (page 36). This refers to the warning addressed by Ventidius to Silius in Antony and Cleopatra: "For learn this, Silius, better to leave undone than by our deed acquire too high a fame" (III. i. 13).

5. "In a word, every man for his owne ends. Our *summum bonum* is commodity" (page 36). This passage strongly recalls the words of the Bastard:—

> "That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
> Commodity the bias of the world."
>
> —*King John* II. ii. 274.

6. "He hath done no more than what gentlemen usually do" (page 35). How this recalls Falstaff's idea of the obligations of a respectable life!

> "I was as virtuously given as a Gentleman need to be. Virtuous enough."—*King Henry IV.* Part I. III. iii. 13.

7. Democritus writes: "When *Rhodes* was besieged, *fossae urbis cadaveribus repletae sunt,* the ditches were full of dead carcasses; and as when the said *Solyman* great *Turke* belegred *Vienna,* they lay levell with the toppe of the wals" (p. 30). How this recalls the stirring adjuration of King Henry to his troops:

> "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
> Or close the wall up with our English dead."
>
> —*King Henry V.* III. i. 1.

All these instances are from the Address to the Reader

at the commencement of the book, but may be indefinitely multiplied. Democritus, junior, in mere literary honesty, was clearly of a more tender conscience than Bacon, as, for example, it is known beyond question that Bacon availed himself of translations from the Greek, but it is Burton who confesses doing the same. "Greek authors, Plato, Plutarch, Athenaeus, I have cited out of their interpreters, because the original was not so ready" (p. 14).

Burton confesses what Bacon leaves posterity to discover for itself. It only remains to advert briefly to a marked peculiarity in the style of both Bacon and Burton, that is, inaccuracy of quotation, generally due to trusting to memory without having recourse to the text. *A* Pindaric fault. This is so generally known and admitted as regards Bacon, that I need not dwell on it in his case, but Burton I consider was equally careless, and Mr. A. H. Bullen admits as much where, at the close of his Introduction to Shilleto's edition, he says, "Burton often quoted *Memoriter* and many of his references are inexact" (page xxx.).

First we have to deal with inaccuracies which may be merely press errors. In the Address to the Reader, *e.g.*, we find the following, which may be of this class.

Page 20. Insanienti for Insanientis (*Horace Carm.* I. xxxiv. 2).

Page 28. Daturi for Daturos (*Horace Carm.* III. vi. 47).

More numerous, however, are those instances clearly due to careless quotation.

Page 11. Non ego ventosae venor suffragia plebis (*Horace Epistle* I. xix. 37).
Here venor and plebis are transposed.

Page 22. Variis illudit partibus *omnes* (*Horace Satires* II. iii. 50).

Here the word "omnes" is an interpolation not in the text.

Page 78. "*Aliquando*" bonus (*Horace Ars Poetica*). "Aliquando" used for quandoque.

Page 75. "*Ad summum sapiens*" (*Horace Epistles* I. i. 108).
The words should be Praecipueque sanus.

Page 29. Unius ob noxam "furias *que*" (*Virgil Aeneid* I. 41).
The text has "et furias."

Page 66. En leges "*ipsi*" (*Juvenal* II. 31).
The text has "atque ipsis."

Page 31. Quis furor, o "*Cives*" (*Lucan. Pharsalia*, VII. 95).
Cives should be "caeci."

Page 39. "*Haec*" sani esse hominis, "*quis*" sanus juret Orestes (*Persius* III. 118).
Here "haec" is used for non, and "quis" for non.

Page 11. "*Quae fuerant*" (*Ovid. Ex. Ponto.* I. v. 15).
The words are "Qui feci."

Page 77. "*Jam*" *quoque* (*Ovid. Fasti* VI. 307).
"Jam" should be nunc; and so on *ad infinitum*.

Another class of deviations from the text may be regarded as paraphrases rather than errors of memory, as for example—

Page 34. Hic arcentur haeriditatibus liberi.
A paraphrase of the description of Crotona, "In hac urbe nemo liberos tollit" (*Petronius Satires*, 116).

Then again, as an example of Baconian echoes which reverberate through the pages of Burton, the following may be quoted, where Bacon in the *Advancement of Learning* enunciates his opinion of the complete man-

ner in which theology had been studied in his day. "In this part, touching the exposition of the Scriptures, I can report no deficience." What Burton says on this subject, glancing at physics, is a mere echo of the above.

"Not that I prefer it before Divinity, which I do acknowledge to be the Queene of Professions, and to which all the rest are as Handmaids, but that in Divinity I saw no such great need" (page 14).

In conclusion, I would urge everyone interested in *The Anatomy* to study the learned and interesting papers on that work by Professor Bensley, of Adelaide, commencing in *Notes and Queries* for 1903, and I will draw attention to an error I do not think has been noticed by him. In the Index of Shilleto's edition, St. Ambrose is alone quoted "passim," from which I infer that the Editor did not differentiate Ambrose of Alexandria, who befriended Origen (page 12), from Ambrose, Bishop of Mediolanum, who died a century later, the Ambrose of the Index, passim!

W. Theobald.

Ilfracombe, 1905.

JUDGE STOTSENBURG'S *IMPARTIAL STUDY*

THE publication of Judge Stotsenburg's IMPARTIAL STUDY OF THE SHAKESPEARE TITLE* diverts a stream of fresh facts into the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. This is well, for as Milton says of Truth, "If her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition."

The conclusion to which Judge Stotsenburg arrives is that the Shakespeare plays were not the work of a single author, but of a syndicate of the poets Dekker, Drayton, Munday, Chettle, Heywood, Webster, Middleton, Porter, and others, and that in this syndicate Bacon held the position of polisher and reconstructor; "a conclusion that forces itself upon my mind," says the author, "because, first, I believe that Bacon, if he originated the plays, would have observed the unities, and, secondly, because his philosophical views and his peculiarities are interwoven in some of them."

From the evidence which Judge Stotsenburg presents it is apparent either that other writers had a hand in "Shakespeare," or (for his arguments cut both ways, although the author does not appear to contemplate it), Shakespeare had some responsibility for the writings of the lesser dramatists. "The reader," says the Judge, "has the facts before him on which to form his own conclusions." Were we to form our judgment solely on the facts presented in the work under discussion we should certainly arrive at Judge Stotsenburg's conclusions, but there is a far larger group of facts which have been left unnoted and which materially affect the points at issue. In the first place, Judge Stotsenburg falls into the com-

* Gay and Bird. 10/6 net.

mon error that London, in the reign of Elizabeth, was teeming with great poets and scholars. If this really were so, all we can say is that contemporaries were extraordinarily blind to the grace and intellectuality of their surroundings.

"O ever shameful, O most shameless times!" exclaims Drummond.

> "Save that suns light we see, of good hear tell,
> This earth we court so much were very hell."

Corresponding in verse with his friends, William Jeffreys and George Sandys, Michael Drayton asks hopelessly,

> "What canst thou look or hope for from his pen
> Who lives with beasts though in the shape of men?"

So barren and depraved were his surroundings that he considered—

> "This very time wherein we two now live
> Shall in the compass wound the Muses more
> Than all the old English ignorance before."

According to the testimony of those then living, London was utterly smothered under a pall of Cimmerian darkness. Learning was at such an ebb that the mere capacity to read and write entitled the possessors to the privileges of "Benefit of Clergy." We are constantly confronted with laments at the inhuman dearth of noble natures, and that "Noble minds live, orphan-like, forlorn." "What hapless hap had I," exclaims Drummond, "now to be born in these unhappy times, and dying days." "To tell my countries shame," says Michael Drayton, "I not delight, but do bemoan it."

Of all branches of letters, Poetry seems to have been most particularly in disrepute. "Few nowadays," says Massinger, "dare express themselves a friend to

unbefriended poetry." According to Drayton, she was followed with such fell despite—

> "That she must hence, she may no longer stay,
> The dreary Fates prefixed have the day
> Of her departnre which is now come on,
> And they command her straitways to begone.
>
> That bestial herd so hotly her pursue,
> And to her succour there be very few,
> *Nay, none at all,* her wrongs that will redress,
> But she must wander in the wilderness."

Judge Stotsenburg gives his readers no hint of this barbarous ignorance of the times, but asks them to believe that what Drayton dubs

> "These feverous dog days, blest by no record
> But to be everlastingly abhorred,"

were so poetically prolific a time that "Shakespeares" were springing up in every street and pressing forward to the succour of distressed Poesy.

Judge Stotsenburg produces many parallel passages between the works of Shakespeare and the minor poets, from which he argues that these writers all had a hand in the "Shakespeare" group of plays, but he appears to be unaware that there is a far larger collection of parallels between those poets and Bacon. Would he deduce from this fact that the dramatists wrote the works of Bacon? He cannot have it both ways, and an argument which holds good in one case must hold good in another.

Lest it be supposed that we are writing at random we will briefly take the case of Dekker, one of the first names on Judge Stotsenburg's list of collaborating poets.

The life of Dekker is somewhat bald in incident, but we have perhaps more information about him than of many of his contemporaries. The name of "Mr.

Dickers" appears in "Henslowe's Diary," under date 8th January, 1597, in connection with a loan of 20s. A week later occurs a second entry noting another disbursement. A third and ominous entry reads, "Lent unto the companey, the 4 of febreary 1598, to disecharge Mr. Dicker owt of the cownter in the powltrey, the some of fortie shillings." The misadventures of Mr. Dicker do not seem to have ceased on his release, Oldys informing us that from 1613 to 1616 he was again in goal.

Let us turn from the tribulations of poor Thomas Dekker to his writings.

These are singularly charming and reflect no traces of the squalid and uncongenial atmosphere in which their author seems to have habitually lived. The opening of *The Bellman of London** is a stately example of Dekker's prose :—

"Entering into a contemplation of the changes of time; how all things that are under the moone are as variable as her lookes are: how goodness grows crooked, and hath almost lost her shape: how Virtue goes poorly, and is not regarded: how Villainy jets in silks, and (like a God) adored : And when I consider how all the pleasures of life are but as childrens dreames, how all the glories of the world are but as artificial fireworks, that keep a blazing for a time, and yet die in stinking smoakes : and how al the labors of man are like the toiling of the winds, which strive to cast up heapes of dust, that in the end are not worth the gathering. Then, even then, doe I grow wearie of myselfe: then am I neither in love with the beautie of the sunne, neither stand I gazing at the dancing of the starres: I neither wonder at the stately measure of the cloudes, the nimble galliards of the water,

* "The Bellman of London" and some other of Dekker's pamphlets have recently been published in Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co's. delightful Temple Classics ; enterprise on the part of the publishers which, if only for its own sake, all Baconians should support. A selected few of Dekker's plays are obtainable in the Mermaid series published by T. F. Unwin.

nor the wanton trippings of the wind. Nor am I delighted when the earth dresses up her head with flowers; I wish myself a beast because men are so bad that beasts excel them in goodness."

The parallels between Dekker and Shakespeare are multitudinous, and it is not our present purpose to add to those that Judge Stotsenburg has pointed out. We wish rather to draw attention to the curious kinship of ideas between Bacon, the philosopher, and Dekker, the wastrel.

In *Lanthorn aud Candlelight*, Dekker appeals to his readers—"To my owne Nation"—to co-operate with him in levying war against certain wild and barbarous rebels that were up in open arms against the tranquility of the public weal.

"Howsoever it be strucke, or whosoever gives the first blow, the victorie depends upon the vallor of you that are the winges to the Bellman's army; for which conquest he is in hope you will valiantly fight, sithence the quarrel is against the head of monstrous abuses, and the blowes which you must give are in defence of Law, Justice, Order, Ceremony, Religion, Peace, and that honorable title of Goodness.

"St. George! I see the two armies moove forward and beholde the Bellman himselfe first chargeth uppon the face of the enemy. Thus:"

Then he proceeds to open his attack.

Now Bacon considered that *he* was a bellman, if not the bellman himself, and *he* also was trying to get together the wits of his own nation. Dekker's pamphlet was published in 1608, but in 1606 Bacon wrote to Salisbury, "I shall content myself to awake better spirits, like a bellringer; which is first up to call others to church"; and in 1607 he wrote to Dr. Playfer: "Since I have taken upon me to ring a bell to call other wits together (which is the meanest office), it cannot but be consonant with my desire to have that bell heard

as far as may be." In the *Gull's Horn Book* (1609), Dekker writes:

"I will sail boldly and desperately along the shore of the Ile of Guls and . . . make a true discovery of their wild (yet *habitable*) Country."

Compare Bacon in the *Advancement of Learning*, Book 9:

"And now we have with a small bark, such as we were able to set out, sailed about the universal circumference, as well of the old as the new world of Sciences, with how prosperous winds and course we leave to posterity to judge."

Bacon concludes his *Advancement of Learning* by a recapitulation of the deficiencies of knowledge, which he describes as "The Coast of the New Intellectual World." In Book 9 he concludes:

"We have finished our small globe of the intellectual world with all the exactness we could, marking out and describing those parts of it which we find either not constantly *inhabited*, or *not sufficiently cultivated*."

So again writes Dekker:

"In this black shore of mischief have I sailed along and been a faithfull discoverer of all the creeks, rocks, gulfs, and quicksands in and about it."

We are told by Rawley that Bacon frequently complained of the mean and unworthy work which devolved upon his overburdened shoulders. "To speak the truth of myself," says Bacon, "I have often wittingly and willingly neglected the glory of mine own Name, and Learning (if any such thing be), both in the works I now publish, and in those I contrive for hereafter; whilst I study to advance the good and profit of mankind. And I, that have deserved perchance to be an Architect in Philosophy and Sciences, am made a workman and a labourer, and at length anything else whatsoever;

seeing I sustain and work out myself many things that must needs be done; and others out of a natural disdain, shift off and refuse to do" (*Advancement of Learning*, Book vii., chap. I.). So also we find Dekker making the same weary-minded complaint of the meanness of his self-imposed toil:

"How long shall I sail upon these godless waters? Is it not time to get to shore? Is it not fit that I should now sound a retreat and not weary my pen in the execution of such base and barbarous-minded caitiffs? What a battle have I undertaken? and with what an ignoble enemy? to contend with whom is an act inglorious, and to conquer whom, (but that they are open and professed foes to the Republic, to honesty, to civility and to all humanity) were as much dishonour as by them to be overcome" (*Bellman of London*).

When we descend from broad policy to detail and vocabulary we again find that Bacon and Dekker are unanimous; not only does Dekker reproduce the ideas of Bacon's private correspondence, but he also employs the philosopher's peculiar and unpoetic metaphors.

For instance, in his Essay "Of Sedition," Bacon writes:

"*Money* is like *muck*, no good except it be *spread*."

In Part II. of *The Honest Whore*, Dekker involves this idea thus:

"As for your *money* . . . I have heard what your worship is,
An excellent *dunghill* cock to *scatter* all abroad."
(Act II., sc. 1) 1630.

To ulcers and imposthumes, and the lancing of them, Dekker was as partial as was Bacon.

"Hair and nails," says Bacon, "are excrements" (*Sylva Sylvarum*, 1627).

In the *Gull's Horn Book*, Dekker writes: "that excrement which they violently clip away from the heads of young men." "The Spaniards," says Bacon in *De*

Augmentis Scientiarum, "dislike thin letters, and change them immediately into those of a middle tone." In accordance with this knowledge he alters the common English spelling of Madrid and writes Madr*ill* (*Obs. on a Libel*: Spedding, Vol. I. p. 194). It is rather surprising to find Dekker in *Match Me in London* (I., 1631) similarly substituting Madr*ill*.

We could extend these identities, but space will not permit. Sufficient have been noted to justify our assertion that there is evidence connecting Dekker and Bacon. To be consistent, Judge Stotsenburg should, therefore, argue that Dekker had a hand in Bacon, which is as absurd as to assume that the planets give light to the sun. Doubtless there was some bond of connection between the two men, but whether Dekker were anything more than one of Bacon's stage go-betweens is, to say the least, doubtful.

It is generally agreed amongst Baconians that much of the work produced in the name of "Shakespeare" was collaborated by certain minor poets, in the sense that they executed a considerable portion of the first drafting, and, probably, the whole of the transcribing; but that "Shakespeare" was a noun signifying nothing, Bacon merely a reviser, and the real authors poets who published their best under another's name and their hack work under their own is inconsistent with human nature.

An Impartial Study of the Shakespeare Title is an agreeably written and informing book. We advise our readers to accept and chew over the author's facts, but suspend judgment upon his theories.

HAROLD BAYLEY.

THE PARNASSUS TRILOGY

(*Continued from page 184*).

"*Father, whate'r your loving tongue shall utter,*
I'll drink your words with an attentive ear.
With mine eyes I'll drink the words you send."
—*Cymbeline*, I. i. 100.

"My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words."
—*Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii. 58.

"Take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings."—*As You Like It*, III. ii. 213.

"*Age in his speech a majesty doth bear.*"
—Compare *Richard II.*, II. i. 1—18.

"*I love to hear love play the orator;*
The king—prettily, methought—did play the orator."
—1 *Henry VI.*, III. i. 175.

"I'll play the orator as well as Nestor."
—3 *Henry VI.*, III. iii. 188.

"Play the" is frequently found in Bacon and Shakespeare :—

"*Young men's advice can bear but little sway;*
Counsel comes kindly from a head that's grey."
—*Cf. Richard II.*, II. i. 1—6.

"*What wisdom many winters have begot,*
Time's midwifery at length shall bring to light.
I have a young conception in my brain:
Be you my time to bring it to some shape."
—*Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii. 312.

Bacon speaks of his work as a child of Time rather than of Wit. *Novum Organum*, Dedication and 1, 78. He speaks also of the "miscarriages of Time." Preface to *Novum Organum*, Op. IV. 15. *Nec temporis partus nec abortus extant in fastis;* and he constantly speaks of wisdom, science, intellect, as analogous to generation and the functions of reproduction. The extended

employment of this metaphor in works of imagination is apparently pointed to in some *Promus* notes—*e.g.*, 1,412, *The son of somewhat;* and the twice-repeated note, *Et justificata est sapientia a filiis suis* (Nos. 249 and 346).

This is a specimen of the Baconian and Shakespearean hints that may be picked up in the first thirty-five lines of the first play. It is evident that the limits of this paper will not allow me to point out the hundreds of such correspondences that run through the plays. In truth a Baconian or Shakespearean air or flavour pervades the whole; the two are blended, the Baconian and Shakespearean impression alternately or concurrently presenting itself. The wit, with its overflowing, inexhaustible abundance, its sparkling brightness, reminds one of the Falstaff scenes. The Nurse's humour in *Romeo and Juliet,* with her reiteration of small details to assist memory, is exactly reproduced in Leonarde, the carrier (2 *Par.* I. 2); and Simson, the Innkeeper, like the Nurse, interlards his discourse with *as they say* (2 *Par.* II. 1). What Professor Meiklejohn refers to when he remarks that "there is no limit to Shakespeare's power of calling names," is most characteristically illustrated in Ingenioso's denunciation of his stingy patron (2 *Par.* I. i. 280—290). The Baconian antithesis reappears in every page. Bacon's characteristic way of using the word *Nay* as a formula for continuance—the first word in a sentence—is frequent. Bacon's love of learning and sympathy with students—his earnest desire that scholars should be encouraged and their labour suitably rewarded—are indeed the ruling motives of the whole trilogy.

The Parnassus poet is saturated with classical knowledge, and, as these plays were intended for use at the University, he need not disguise his Latinity. In 2 *Henry IV.*, I. i. 47, we have the expression, "He seemed in running to devour the way." Shakespeare,

of course, says nothing about the derivation of this phrase, and none of his commentators have even given us any information on the subject, or suspected that there was any to give. But the Parnassus poet, when he uses it, confesses his obligation to Catullus (a very favourite author with Shakespeare) :—

> "Associate yourselves with studious youths,
> That, *as Catullus saith*, devours the way
> That leads to Parnassus, where content doth dwell."
> —1 *Par.*, I. 96.

The line in Catullus, Ode 35, is :—

> "Quare si sapiet viam vorabit."

In a well-known passage of *Henry V.*, I. i. 28, the young King is described by the Archbishop as having cast aside his wild courses.

> "Consideration like an angel came,
> And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
> Leaving his body as a paradise
> To envelope and contain celestial spirits."

Juliet has the same idea, but she inverts it in the irony of her grief :—

> "O Nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
> When thou didst bower the spirit of a friend
> In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh."
> —*Romeo and Juliet*, III. ii. 80.

And the same fancy is hidden in the lines :—

> "O what a mansion have those vices got
> Which for their habitation chose out thee."
> —Sonnet 95.

So Ingenioso, loading his fantastical patron with flattery, says :—

"Great reason the Muses should flutter about your immortal head, since your body is nothing but a fair inn of fairer guests that dwell therein."—2 *Par.*, III. i. 1, 986.

Bacon's characteristic idea—that "The truth of being and of knowing is all one. . . . The mind is the man, and knowledge is the mind; . . . knowledge is a double of that which is,"—is applied to fanciful uses by Shakespeare :—

> "When ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
> Do we not likewise see our learning there?"
> —*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 316.

The same fanciful use of Bacon's philosophy is made in these plays :—

> "True learning dwells in her fair beauteous face."
> —1 Par., 391.

which is the central philosophic idea in *Love's Labour's Lost.*

We know that Giordano Bruno's writings had been studied by Shakespeare. A very remarkable and poetical fancy of the old Italian heretic and martyr was spoken in reference to English women : "They are on earth what stars are above" (See *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1889, p. 109). Bruno's influence was predominant when *Romeo and Juliet* was written; accordingly Capulet, inviting Paris to his feast, promises him—

> "At my poor house, look to behold this night
> Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light."
> *Romeo and Juliet*, I. ii. 25.

About the same time these plays were written, and accordingly Philomusus has the same pretty fancy:—

> "Here are so many pure bright shining stars
> That Cynthias want their fair Endymions."
> —1 *Par.*, 446.

And Amoroso, tempting the scholar by the attractions of love, says :—

> "Then shall you have the choice of earthly stars
> That shine on earth as Cynthia in her skye."
> —*Ibid.*, 492.

The following speech has more than one Baconianism :—

"What we present I must needs confess is but slubbered invention. But if your wisdom observe the circumstance, your kindness will pardon the substance."—3 *Par.*, Prologue I. 21.

1. The antithetical style is quite in Bacon's manner. 2. Bacon speaks of "slubbering on the lute" (*Works* VII. 103). 3. And there is a *Promus note* (1,365): "Matter of circumstance, not of substance"; a favourite antithesis with Bacon: "That which I after spake in difference was but in circumstance of time and manner, which methinks should be no great matter" (Letter to Burleigh, *Life* 362). The same antithesis is so well known in Shakespeare that I need not quote (see *Romeo and Juliet*, II. v. 30, 31; *Measure for Measure*, IV. ii. 108; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i. 91, etc.).

A favourite dramatical situation with Shakespeare is one in which one character calls out a number of names in succession, while another makes comments on each as it is pronounced. Thus, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, V. i. 2, Lucetta asks her mistress Julia to repeat the names of her would-be lovers, while she adds her censure of them as each name is repeated :—

> "Please you repeat their names: I'll show my mind,
> According to my shallow simple skill."

Precisely the same situation occurs in the *Merchant of Venice*, I. ii., when Portia comments on the names as her maid Nerissa pronounces them :—

> "I pray thee overname them, and as thou namest them
> I will describe them."

So Ingenioso and Judicio pass judgment on a number of poets :—

Judicio.—"Read the names."
Ingenioso.—"So I will if thou wilt help me to censure them."
—3 *Par.*, I. ii. 1, 207.

And the names follow, one by one, with a comment on each—in all these three cases.

When Studioso tells his friend,

"He doubles grief that comments on a woe."
—3 *Par.*, III. 5, l. 1,432.

we are reminded of

"Sorrow flouted at is double death."
—*Titus Andronicus*, III. i. 246.

And again—

"To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on."
—*Othello*, I. iii. 204.

Another characteristic of these plays which is often found in Shakespeare is that of capping rhymes—each alternate speaker giving a line in rhyme with that which precedes. One example will make this clear :—

Studioso.—"Scholars must frame to live at a low sail."
Philomusus.—"Ill-sailing where there blows no happy gale."
Stud.—"Our ship is ruined, all her tackling rent."
Phil.—"And all her gaudy furniture is spent."
Stud.—"Tears be the waves whereon her ruins bide,"
Phil.—"And sighs the wind that wastes her broken side."
Stud.—"Mischief the Pilot is, the ship to steer,"
Phil.—"And Woe the passenger this ship doth bear."
Stud.—"Come, Philomusus, let us break this chat,"
Phil.—"And break my heart: oh would I could break that."
Stud.—"Let's learn to act that Tragic part we have."
Phil.—"Would I were silent actor in my grave."
—3 *Par.*, IV. iii. (end).

Tears as waves, and sighs as wind, are frequently found in Shakespeare (see *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. iii. 58; *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. ii. 153; *Romeo and*

Juliet, III. v. 131; 3 *Henry VI.*, V. iv. 1—36; *Venus and Adonis*, V. i. 965; and in a very Shakespearean poem in *England's Helicon*, claimed by Mr. Gerald Massey as Shakespeare's for this among other reasons).

Similar rhyme-capping dialogues may be found in 1 *Par.*, I. i. 118—131; 2 *Par.*, II. i. 622—631; 3 *Par.*, I. iv. 1, 404—420, III. v. 1, 1,469—1,480.

A similar dramatic contrivance is seen in the following:—

King.—"How well he's read, to reason against reading!"
Dumain.—"Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding."
Long.—"He weeds the corn, and still lets go the weeding."
Biron.—"The spring is near when green geese are abreeding."

See also *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. ii. 12—32; *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i. 190—200, IV. iii. 266—288; *Ibid.*, I. i. 94; *Comedy of Errors*, II. i. 10—15, 26—32; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. i, 194—201; 1 *Henry VI.*, IV. v. 18—21, 34—47.

That Bacon made a special study of this device is indicated by a *Promus* note, 1,033: *Alterius dicetis; amant alterna Camoenæ* (said of couplets made by two rivals alternately).

These plays have been hitherto a sort of *individuum vagum*, as Bacon might say, and the guesses after authorship have been also of the vagus quality—skipping aimlessly and helplessly from one Elizabethan play-writer to another. Yet it seems to me that the identification is neither difficult nor doubtful. The hall-mark of Shakespeare is here—a signature that is unique in literature—and the traces of his imperial hand are so abundant that, as the prophet says (and Bacon also), *He that runneth by may read it;* and, quoting the prophet more accurately than Bacon does, *He that readeth it may run;* for he will more swiftly and more confidently reach a standpoint where the large

and fruitful literary field enclosed by Bacon and Shakespeare can be apprehended under the new lights and inexhaustible material for interpretation, which Bacon's writings supply.

An edition of the third Parnassus play has just appeared in the Temple Classics, edited by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton. This is in some respects a valuable edition; it is learned, and gives careful explanation of archaic and technical terms. But the resemblances between Shakespeare and the corresponding passages in the Parnassus plays is scarcely noticed; one or two feeble and unimportant instances are cited, but the most striking are entirely neglected. And, needless to say, Bacon is boycotted; these Shakespearean editors habitually banish him from their notes. Not even the reference to Ariosto is noticed, nor the *animal scabiosum*. Mr. Smeaton's notes are often carelessly printed; there are seven errors in the references supplied for Act II., Scene i., and in some cases it is quite impossible to verify the references—for instance, III. v. 19: "It's time to sleep within our hollow graves." (*Cf. Richard III.*, IV. i. 94.) The passage referred to has nothing to do with the case. And so also in II. i. 79. In the Introduction the plot and the characters are minutely described; but there is not the least attempt to interpret the real purposes of the play. These plays have yet to be edited. It is useless to seek for any impartial editing from Shakespeareans; it can only be done by emancipated critics.

R. M. Theobald.

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AT ELVETHAM, 1591

ARE any works of "Shakespeare" extant which have not yet been attributed to him although they are in the light of day? In Nichol's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. III., Ed. 1823, the Author sets out at page 101 a tract, printed by John Wolfe, 1591, describing "The Honorable Entertainment given to the Quene's Majestie, in Progresse, at Elvetham in Hampshire, by the Right Hon'ble the Earle of Hertford, 1591." After a precise statement of the preparations made for it—which were great—the arrival of the Queen on the 20th day of September, Monday, is described. When she was more than half-way between the Park gate and the house, "a poet saluted her with a Latine Oration, in heroicall verse; I mean *veridicus vates*, a soothsaying poet, nothing inferior for truth, and little for delivery of his mind, to an ordinarie Orator" . . . . He was "booted, to betoken that hee was *vates cothurnatus*, and not a loose or lowe creeping prophet, as poets are interpreted by some idle or envious ignorants. This poet's Boy offered him a cushion at his first kneeling to her Majestie; but he refused it, saying as followeth:—

> "The Poet to his Boy offering him a cushion.
> 'Non jam pulvillis opus est, sed corde sereno:
> Nam plusquam solitis istic advolvimur aris.'"

The Poet's "Speach to her Majestie" follows. This is in sixty-four lines of Latin hexameters, after which the writer of the tract proceeds, "Because all our Cuntreymen are not Latinists, I thinke it not amisse to set this downe in English, that all may bee indifferently partakers of the Poet's meaning," and he gives a translation in blank verse, beginning,

"Now let us use no cushions, but faire hearts :
For now we kneel to more than usual Saints."

A certain turn of phrase, even in these two lines, directed the attention of the present writer to the speech and the rest of the verse in the Entertainment, from which some passages may be cited as samples. For instance, in the opening speech the poet says to the Queen :

"Behold, on thee how each thing sweetly smiles,
To see thy brightnes glad our hemispheare :
Night only envies : whome fair stars doe crosse :
All other creatures strive to shewe their joyes.
The crooked-winding kid trips ore the lawnes ;
The milk-white heafer wantons with the bull ;
The trees shew pleasure with their quivering leaves,
The meadow with new grasse, the vine with grapes,
The running brookes with sweet and silver sound.
Thee, thee (sweet Princes), heav'n and earth and fluds,
And plants, and beasts salute with one accord."

After the oration is a song in rhyme, which is set out with other songs praising the Queen, at page 66 of the same volume, and is there signed "Thomas Watson." But this article is concerned with the blank verse only.

In the second day's entertainment there is an elaborate device, and Nereus, swimming forward with Triton, delivers an oration and bears a gift. He introduces himself and his sea god,

. . . . "And with me came gould-breasted India,
Who, daunted at your sight, leapt to the shoare,
And sprinkling endless treasure on this Ile,
Left me this jewell to present your Grace,
For hym that under you doth hold this place.
See where her ship remaines, whose silke-woven takling
Is turned to twigs, and threefold mast to trees,
Receiving life from verdure of your lookes ;
(For what cannot your gracious looks effect ?)

. . . . And in this barke, which gods hale neare the shore,
Whitefooted Thetis sends her musicke maydes,
To please Elisae's eares with harmony."

Passing over a pretty song "sung dialogue wise, everie fourth verse answered with two Echoes," we come to an oration of Sylvanus.

"Sylvanus comes from out the leavy groves,
To honor her whom all the world adores,
Faire Cinthia, whom no sooner Nature fram'd,
And deckt with Fortunes and with Vertues dower,
But straight admiring what her skill had wrought,
She broake the mould ; that never sunne might see
The like to Albion's Quene for excellence."

An oration of Neæra in blank verse follows, and the "Three Men's Song, sung the third morning under hir Majestie's Gallerie Window," which is in rhyme, and is known to have been composed by Nicholas Breton. After it blank verse—the speech of the Fairy Quene to hir Majestie.

"I that abide in pláces underground,
Aureola, the Quene of Fairyland,
That every night in rings of painted flowers
Turne round and carrell out Elisaes name :
Hearing that Nereus and the Sylvane gods
Have lately welcomde your Imperiall Grace,
Oapened the earth with this enchanting wand,
To doe my duety to your Majesty
And humbly to salute you with this chaplet,
Given me by Auberon, the Fairy King." . . . .

After this speech the Fairy Queen and her maids danced about the garden singing a song very complimentary to "Elisa." "This spectacle and musicke so delighted hir Majesty, that she commanded to heare it sung and to be danced three times over" . . . . Within an hour she departed. "It was a most extreame rain and yet it pleased hir Majesty to behold and hear the

whole action." Nereus, Sylvanus, the Graces and Hours lamented her leaving, and "the poet" made her a short oration, from which a verse may be extracted.

> "See where those Graces and those Hours of Heaven
> Which at thy comming sung triumphall songs,
> And smoothed the way, and strewed it with sweet flowers
> Now, if they durst, would stop it with greene bowes,
> Least of thine absence the years pride decay:
> For how can Summer stay, when Sunne departs?"

After this, as she passed through the Park gate, there was a consort of musicians hidden in a bower, to whose playing a ditty of "Come again" was sung, "with excellent division by two that were cunning."

The writer has not had an opportunity of referring to the tract itself, but from the transcript of it in Nichol's *Progresse*, no hint as to its authorship or the identity of "the poet" can be got. Both the prose description and the blank verse are remarkable for their style.

It is unnecessary to point out to the readers of BACONIANA that the verse is poetry, or to expatiate on its quality. It is all eulogy of Elizabeth. Let it be compared with the vast quantity of adulatory verse addressed to her which is still extant, and it will be found superior. Further, if the question were asked of any chance group of educated persons, "Who wrote this blank verse?" can we doubt that the majority would say, "Shakespeare"? And it would be amusing to watch the efforts of the authorities in the literary world to demonstrate that he did not; for, of course, they would try. An experiment with their foot-rule failing them, the critics would probably declare, "these verses have never been previously attributed to Shakespeare," therefore they cannot be by him. Well, then, who else wrote them? To what other poet could be ascribed such lines as—

"The *crooked-winding* kid trips on the lawns." . . . .
"The trees *shew pleasure with their quivering leaves*,"

or the melodious cadence of

"The running brookes with sweet and silver sound,"

or the fine epithets, "*gold-breasted*" India, "*White-footed Thetis* sends her *music maids*," or the idea, plagiarised two centuries afterwards, of Nature, "straight admiring what her skill had wrought *she broke the mould*"; or the exquisite compliment, "For how can Summer stay when Sun departs?"

There has been of late years much examination of Elizabethan verse, and surely some of the examiners can suggest an author for this! Perhaps among the Hertford family papers there may be a clue to him. Pending some suggestions from the orthodox, let us point out that the entertainment at Elvetham was in the long vacation of 1591, and an adept at revels, devices and conferences of pleasure was then disengaged from law. Moreover, as he dined in the Hall of his Inn of Court during the terms immediately preceding and succeeding that vacation, his health does not seem to have been so indifferent as it was in the following year, when he had to refuse Lady Hoby's invitation to attend the Queen at her Progress to Bisham, where, bye the way, an entertainment of a decidedly inferior kind to that at Elvetham was presented to her.

J. R., of Gray's Inn.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE "MANES VERULAMIANI"

(*Continued from page 151*).

5.

MEMORIÆ MERITISQUE HONORATISSIMI D. FRANCISCI D. VERULAMII, VICE-COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI.

LUGETE fletu turbulenta flumina,
Sub calce nata Pegasi,
Rivoque nigrum vix trahente pulverem
Limo profana currite. (1)
Viridisque Daphnes decidens ramis honos
Arescat infælicibus.
Quorsum Camænæ laureas inutiles
Mæsti colatis hortuli?
Quin vos severis stipitem bipennibus
Vanæ secatis arboris!
Vivos reliquit, cui solebat unico
Coronam ferre lauream,
Divum potitus arce Verulamius
Coronâ fulget aureâ:
Supraque cæli terminos sedens amat
Stellas videre cernuus:
Sophiam qui sede cælitum reconditam
Invidit immortalibus,
Aggressus orbi redditam cultu novo
Mortalibus reducere:
Quo nemo terras incolens majoribus
Donis pollebat ingeni:
Nec ullus æquè graviter superstitum
Themin maritat Palladi.
Adductus istis, dum vigebat, artibus
Aonidum sacer chorus,
In laude totam fudit eloquentiam,
Nihil reliquit fletibus.

POSUI WILHELMUS BOSWELL.

5.

To the Memory and Merits of the Right Honourable Lord Francis, Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Albans.

Wail with weeping turbulent streams sprung from beneath the hoof of Pegasus, and ye streams profane flow muddily with your current scarce dragging along the black dust. (1) And let the foliage of verdant Daphne falling from the hapless branches wither. Wherefore, ye Muses, would you cultivate the useless laurels of your sad garden? Nay, with stern axes cut down the trunk of the worthless tree. He hath left the living, whom alone it was wont to bear the laurel crown for. Verulam reigning in the citadel of the gods shines with a golden crown; and enthroned above the bounds of the sky he loves with face towards earth to view the stars; who grudged the immortals that wisdom should be confined to the abode of the blessed, undertaking to bring it back and restore it to mortals by a new cult. Than whom no inhabitant of earth was master of greater intellectual gifts: nor does any survivor so skilfully unite Themis and Pallas. While he flourished the sacred choir of the Muses influenced by these arts poured forth all their eloquence in his praise, (and) left none for wailings.

I, William Boswell,
have laid (this offering on the tomb).

6.

In Obitum honoritissimi Domini Francisci Baconii, magni nuper totius Angliæ Cancellarii, &c.

Andax exemplum quo mens humana feratur
Et sæcli vindex ingeniose tui,
Dum senio macras recoquis fæliciter artes,
Subtrahis et prisco libera colla jugo,
Quo deflenda modo veniunt tua funera? quales
Exposcunt lacrymas, quid sibi fata volunt?
An timuit natura parens ne nuda jaceret,
Detraxit vestem dum tua dextra sacram?
Ignotique oculis rerum patuere recessus,
Fugit et aspectum rimula nulla tuum?
An vero, antiquis olim data sponsa maritis,
Conjugis amplexum respuit illa novi?
An tandem, damnosa piis atque invida captis,
Corripuit vitæ fila (trahenda) tuæ?
Sic ultra vitreum Siculus ne pergeret orbem
Privati cecidit militis ense senex.
Tuque tuos manes (2) ideo (Francisce) tulisti,
Ne non tentandum perficeretur opus.

7.

In Eundem.

Sunt qui defuncti vivant in marmore, et ævum
Annosis credant postibus omne suum:
Ære micant alii, aut fulvo spectantur in auro,
Et dum se ludunt, ludere fata putant.
Altèra pars hominum, numerosa prole superstes,
Cum Niobe (3) magnos temnit iniqua deos;
At tua cælatis hæret nec fama columnis,
Nec tumulo legitur, siste viator iter:

6.

On the Death of the Right Honourable Lord Francis Bacon, late Lord Chancellor of all England.

Daring example of how far the human mind may reach to, while you rejuvenate successfully the arts worn out with age, and extricate and free necks from the yoke of antiquity, in what way to be mourned does your funeral approach? What tears are demanded, what mean the fates? Did their mother Nature fear she should lie all bare, while your hand drew away her sacred robe? while, too, the unknown recesses of things were exposed to sight and no nook escaped your ken? or was it that, having been of old espoused to consorts of past ages, she has rejected the embrace of a modern lord? or, finally, baneful and envious towards humane enterprises has she snapped the thread of your life, which ought to have been prolonged? Thus, lest Archimedes should soar beyond the crystal sphere, he fell by the sword of a legionary. And you, O Francis, have therefore met your doom, (2) lest the work, which should not have been essayed, should be completed.

7

To the Same.

Some there are though dead live in marble, and trust all their duration to long lasting columns; others shine in bronze, or are beheld in yellow gold, and deceiving themselves think they deceive the fates. Another division of men surviving in a numerous offspring, like Niobe (3) irreverent, despise the mighty gods; but your fame adheres not to sculptured columns, nor is read on the tomb (with) "Stay, traveller, your steps"; if any

Siqua patrem proles referat, non corporis illa est,
Sed quasi de cerebro nata Minerva Jovis :
Prima tibi virtus monumenta perennia præstat,
Altera, nec citius corruitura, libri :
Tertia nobilitas ; ducant jam fata triumphos,
Quæ (Francisce) tui nil nisi corpus habent.
Utraque pars melior, mens et bona fama supersunt,
Non tanti ut redimas vile cadaver habes.

T. Vincent, T.C.

8.

In Obitum nobilissimi Domini Francisci Baronis Verulamii, &c.

Visa mihi pridem nec in uno vivere possee
Tot bona sunt, unquam nec potuisse mori;
Queis, quasi syderibus cælum, tua vita refulsit,
Et quæ sunt fatum cuncta secuta tuum ;
Ingenium, et largo procurrens flumine lingua,
Philosophi pariter, juridicique decus.
Nunc video potuisse quidem ; sed parcite amici,
Hic si non redeat, nec reditura puto.

I. Vincent, T.C.

9.

In Obitum illustrissimi clarissimique Herois, Domini Francisci Baconi, Baronis de Verulamio, *θρηνωδία.*

Musæ fundite nunc aquas perennes
In threnos, lacrymasque Apollo fundat
Quas vel Castalium tenet fluentum :
Nam Letho neque convenire tanto
Possint nænia parva, nec coronent

progeny recalls their sire, not of the body is it, but born, so to speak, of the brain, as Minerva from Jove's: first your virtue provides you with an everlasting monument, your books another not soon to collapse, a third your nobility; let the fates now celebrate their triumphs, who have nothing yours, Francis, but your corpse. Your mind and good report the better parts survive; you have nothing of so little value as to ransom the vile body withal.

T. Vincent, Trinity College.

8.

On the Death of the Most Noble Lord Francis, Baron Verulam, &c.

Formerly so many good parts seemed to me impossible either to co-exist in one, or ever to have died; with these, as the heavens with stars, your life was replendent, and all have followed you to the grave. Genius and eloquence flowing with mighty stream, the ornament equally of the philosopher and the judge. Now I see such things could be; but friends refrain, if he returns not, neither will they I ween.

I. Vincent, Trin. Col.

9.

A Threnody on the Death of the Most Illustrious and Renowned Personage, Sir Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam.

Muses, now pour forth your perennial waters in lamentations, and let Apollo shed tears (plentiful as the water) which even the Castalian stream contains; for neither would meagre dirges befit so great a loss, nor our moderate drops the mighty monument. The

Immensa hæc modicæ sepulchra guttæ:
Nervus ingenii, medulli suadæ
Dicendique Tagus (4), reconditarum
Et gemma pretiosa literarum
Fatis concidit, (heu trium sororum
Dura stamina) nobilis Baconus.
O quam te memorem Bacone summe
Nostro carmine! et illa gloriosa
Cunctorum monumenta seculorum,
Excusa ingenio tuo, et Minerva!
Quam doctis, elegantibus, profundis,
Instauratio magna, plena rebus!
Quanto lumine tineas sophorum
Dispellit veterum tenebricosas
Ex chao procreans novam σοφίαν:
Sic ipse Deus inditum sepulchro
Corpus restituet manu potenti:
Ergo non moreris (Bacone) nam te
A morte, et tenebris, et a sepulchro,
Instauratio magna vindicabit.

R. C., T.C.

10.

In Obitum
honoratissimi Baronis Verulamiensis, &c.

En iterum auditur (certe instauratio magna est!)
  Stellata camera fulgidus ore Bacon:
Nunc vere albatus, judex purissimus audit;
  Cui stola (Christe) tuo sanguine tincta datur.
Integer ut fiat, prius exuit ipse seipsum:
  Terra, habeas corpus; (dixit) et astra petit.
Sic, sic, Astræam sequitur prænobilis umbra,
  Et Verulam verum nunc sine nube videt.

very nerve of genius, the marrow of persuasion, the golden stream of eloquence (4), the precious gem of concealed literature (5), the noble Bacon (ah! the relentless warp of the three sisters) has fallen by the fates. O how am I in verse like mine to commemorate you, sublime Bacon! and those glorious memorials of all the ages composed by your genius and by Minerva. With what learned, beautiful, profound matters the Great Instauration is full! With what light does it scatter the darksome moths of the ancient sages! creating from chaos a new wisdom: thus God Himself will with potent hand restore the body laid in the tomb; therefore you do not die (O Bacon!) for the Great Instauration will liberate you from death and darkness and the grave.

R. C., T.C.

10.

On the Death of the Right Honourable Baron Verulam, &c.

Lo! again is heard (surely a great restoration) Bacon with shining countenance in the starry vault (Star Chamber): now truly robed in white, a spotless judge he listens; to whom, O Christ, a robe dyed in Thy blood is given. To become whole he first put off himself. Earth, said he, receive my body; then he sought the stars. Thus, thus, the glorious spirit follows Astræa, and now beholds all cloudless the true Verulam.

II.

De Connubio Rosarum.

Septimus Henricus non cere et marmore vivit;
Vivit at in chartis (magne Bacone) tuis. (6)
Junge duas (Henrice) rosas; dat mille Baconus;
Quot verba in libro, tot reor esse rosas.

T. P.

12.

In Obitum nobilissimi doctissimique Viri Dom. Fran. Baconis, Baronis Verulamiensis, &c.

Sic cadit Aonii rarissima gloria cætus?
Et placet Aoniis credere semen agris?
Frangantur calami, disrumpanturque libelli,
Hoc possiut tetricæ si modo jure deæ.
Heu quæ linqua silet, quæ jam facundia cessat,
Quo fugit ingenii nectar et esca tui?
Quomodo musarum nobis contingit alumnis
Ut caderet nostri præses Apollo chori? (7)
Si nil cura fides, labor, aut vigilantia possint,
Sique feret rapidas, de tribus una, manus?
Cur nos multa brevi nobis proponimus ævo?
Cur putri excutimus scripta sepulta situ?
Scilicet ut dignos aliorum a morte labores
Dum rapimus nos Mores in sua jura trahat.
Quid tamen incassum nil proficientia fundo
Verba? quis optabit te reticente, loqui?
Nemo tuam spargat violis fragantibus urnam,
Nec tibi pyramidum mole sepulchra locet;
Nam tua conservant operosa volumina famam,
Hoc satis, hæc prohibent te monumenta mori.

Williams.

11.

On the Marriage of the Roses.

The seventh Henry lives not in bronze and marble; but in your pages great Bacon he lives (6). Unite the two roses Henry; Bacon gives a thousand; as many words in his book, so many roses I ween.

T. P.

12.

On the Death of the Most Noble and Learned Lord Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, &c.

Is it thus falls the rarest glory of the Aonian band? and do we decree to entrust seed to the Aonian fields? Break pens, and tear up writings, if the dire goddesses may justly act so. Alas! what a tongue is mute! what eloquence ceases! Whither have departed the nectar and ambrosia of your genius? How has it happened to us, the disciples of the Muses, that Apollo, the leader of our choir, should die? (7) If earnestness, loyalty, toil or watchfulness avail nought, and if one of the three (fates) shall put forth her ravening hands, why do we propose many undertakings to ourselves in our brief span? Why do we ransack MSS. covered with mouldering dust? Forsooth! for death to drag us to his realm, while we force from death the worthy labours of others. Yet, why do I vainly pour forth profitless words? Who will wish to speak, you being silent? Let no one scatter fragrant violets on your urn, nor rear your sepulchre with the vastness of pyramids; for your laboured tomes preserve your fame. This suffices; these memorials will not let you die.

Williams.

NOTES.

1. I think in these couplets the sacred streams of Pegasus and profane streams are called upon to mourn in different ways. However, better scholars do not think so. They make *profana* equivalent to *profanata*, and translate: "Lament, ye streams, which, born beneath the hoofs of Pegasus, are now turbid with weeping, and run distained with mud in a stream barely sufficing to carry its load of black soil." So Mr. W. Theobald.

2. *Cf. Quisque suos patimur manes*, we all undergo our penal sufferings (Æn., vi. 743).

3. Niobe was so proud of her numerous children that she despised Latona, mother of Diana and Apollo, who therefore slew her children. Niobe herself was changed by Jupiter into a stone.

4. The metre, a spondee, a dactyl and three trochees require Tagus to be taken for the river famous for its golden sand. The first syllable is long in the Greek word signifying commander, otherwise an excellent rendering.

5. If the writer wished to allude to Bacon's reference to himself as a "concealed poet," the phrase, *reconditarum et gemma pretiosa literarum*, answers the purpose very well. "Recondite literature" will do too.

6. Alluding to the concluding words in Bacon's "History of Henry VII.": "So that he dwelleth more richly dead, in the monument of his tomb, than he did alive at Richmond, or any of his palaces. I could wish he did the like in this monument of his fame" (Works VII., p. 245).

7. Here Bacon is identified with Apollo, the god of poetry and music and leader of the choir of the Muses. Of the nine Muses, seven were expressly goddesses of poetry and every kind of song and music, the remaining two—Clio and Urania—were goddesses of history and astronomy respectively.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

George Cox Bompas

MR. BOMPAS, who died on the 23rd of May, 1905, after a long illness, was the son of the late Mr. Sergeant Bompas and was born on the 1st of April, 1827. Educated privately, he was admitted as a solicitor in 1850 and continued to practice until the end of 1903.

He was a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, the Royal Geographical Society, the Geological Society of London, the Paleontographical Society, and a Member of the Victoria Institute.

As a Member, and latterly President, of the Bacon Society, he took a great interest in the question of the authorship of the "Shakespeare" plays, and in 1902 published a small volume, entitled *The Problem of the Shakespeare Plays*, which epitomised the evidence in favour of the attribution of the plays to Lord Bacon. To the last he did not accept the various Cipher theories which have from time to time been put forward.

Tolstoi and Shakespeare

ADMIRERS of Tolstoi will read with regret the following remarks with which he is credited by the author of "The Downfall of Russia" (p. 314) :—

"If people were capable of approaching Shakespeare impartially, they would lose their unreasonable reverence for this writer. He is crude, immoral, a toady to the great, an arrogant despiser of the small, a slanderer of the common people. He lacks good taste in his

jests, is unjust in his sympathies, ignoble, intoxicated with the acquaintance with which a few aristocrats honoured him. Even his art is over-estimated, for in every case the best comes from his predecessors or his sources. But people are quite blind."

The Ladies' Guild of Francis St. Alban

ON the initiative of Mrs. Pott this Guild has been formed with the object of assisting in ventilating and spreading abroad, by the circulation of books and by afternoon meetings, the questions and researches which engage the attention of the Bacon Society. Ladies wishing to join the Guild, or to obtain further information, are requested to send their names and addresses to the Hon. Sec., Miss Ord, 56, Longridge Road, Earls Court, S.W.

Rev. Walter Begley

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

A NEW and important contribution to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy is now in the press, and will be shortly issued by Messrs. Gay and Bird. The general title is "Bacon's Nova Resuscitatio." It is in three parts: (1) The Resuscitatio; (2) Exit Shakspere; (3) Enter Bacon. The author is that learned and accomplished scholar and bibliophile, Rev. Walter Begley, editor and translator of Milton's "Nova Solyma," and author of "Is it Shakespeare?" This, alas! is the last literary production of the author, for he is fatally ill, and will, probably, before these words reach the reader, have already joined the great majority. His illness is most tragic and pathetic. Early this year he was attacked by ophthalmia, with persistent nasal hæmorrhage. This was evidently occasioned by malignant disease of the orbits and nasal passages: and the disease has pursued its fatal course, producing first blindness, and then gradually undermining the vital forces by exhausting and almost uncontrollable hæmorrhage. Alas that Milton's latest representative should inherit Milton's calamity!

Another work on Cabalistic and Latin Anagrams—a work of curious research—is also in the press : a sequel to two other books recently published by the same author, "Biblia Cabalistica" and "Biblia Anagrammatica."

The duty of superintending the printing of the Baconian book has been undertaken by Mr. R. M. Theobald. At present we may be content with this simple announcement. Mr. Begley's new facts and arguments are of a very startling kind, and will bring the controversy into relation with many other books and persons of the Elizabethan age. R. M. T.

Honorificabilitudinitatibus

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

THE Latin of the well-known anagram contained in the above word has been often called in question. It is, nevertheless, grammatically correct, and quite good enough for its (supposed) purpose. It runs thus:—*Hi ludi sibi tuiti Fr. Bacono nati*, these plays guarded by themselves originated from Fr. Bacon.

Ludi alone is sometimes used by classical writers for *ludi scenici*, theatrical representations.

Sibi is dative of the agent after the passive verb, especially the passive participle.

Tuiti is the participle of the deponent verb *tueor* used passively. This word is what causes most difficulty. The past participles of many deponent verbs may be used passively as well as actively. *Tueor*, however, is not among those commonly given in the grammars. But it is used itself as a passive verb by several Latin writers, *e.g.*, Varro, Vitruvius and the jurists Papinianus and Gaius. Varro, the most distinguished, was a friend and contemporary of Cicero, and called by Quintilian *Romanorum omnium eruditissimus*. He has in his treatise *De Lingua Latina*:—"*Ibi sacra fiunt ac tuentur*" (l. 6, c. ii.), and, again, in *De Re Rustica*:—"*Majores nostri . . . in bello ab his tuebantur*" (l. 3, c. i.).

Bacon had an immense knowledge of Latin writers of all periods, though by no means a perfect scholar. If he concocted the anagram he would have known that *tuiti* "would serve." The long word infolding the anagram existed, as Mr. Stronach has proved, ages before Bacon's time; but Bacon, who was an expert at anagrams and all kinds of cryptic writing, would see what strange truths it could be made to tell of himself, and so by inserting it where he did in *Love's Labours Lost*, with hints and suggestions for its elucidation, he made use of a device for claiming literary or scientific property quite common in former times. This is what Dr. Platt maintains, both in previous writings and in his recent work, "Bacon Cryptograms in Shakespeare," and I think he is right. W. A. S.

The "Meanest" of Mankind

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

IN his *Impartial Study of the Shakespeare Title*, Judge Stotsenburg writes:—"Believing as I do that Pope's familiar lines are exactly descriptive of the wise and learned Bacon, I would have much preferred, as author of the poem, the sly, waggish, and gifted Drayton" (p. 513). The misinterpreted epigram of Pope may be better understood if looked at in the light of Bacon's own words: "Our *meanness* attempteth great things" (Tenison's *Baconiana*, p. 199).

A. A. LEITH.

Bacon and Cheltenham

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

THE accompanying letter may interest your readers. I came across it at the Cheltenham Public Library. A. A. LEITH.

"The copy of my Lord Chancellor's Letter to Mrs. Badger.

"AFTER my hearty comendacons. Whereas you are tyed by Covent. with me to find 2 fit and discreet Chaplains, and 2 Deacons, Bread and Wyne and other necessaries for the Churches and Parishioners of Cheltenham and Charleton, and to perform all other things which on my part are to be done by virtue of the Lease granted unto me by Queen Eliz., I am informed by the Peticon of the inhabitants of the sd. Parishes, that you have notwithstanding, defrauded them, not only of the 2 Deacons, Bread and Wyne, other necessaries that you ought by the Covent. to provide at your owne charge, but also have deprived them of the spiritual food of their souls, allowing yerely unto two Curates x lbs a year. Although you have given me cause to call you to accompt, for breach of your Covent. by a legal proceeding, yet have I thought good at this time to admonish you thereof, and to require you presently to reform the said abuses, by allowing unto 2 such discreet Chaplains as shall be no'inated by his Majestie or his Highness assigns 40 lb yearly unto either of them, and duely to perform covenant of the said Lease, so as there be no further cause of complaint in that behalf against you. So expecting your conformity herein, without delay, I bid you farewell.

"From Yorke House, the 19 Nov., 1620

"Your loving friend,

"FRA. VERULAM."

From John Goding's *History of Cheltenam* (1863).